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MIGHT AND RIGHT.

BY R. O. SHEPHERD.

A monarch of great renown is Might,
And he wears all iron crown
On his kingly brow, where the furrows meet
In a grim and darkling frown.
Scores of manner and look are they
Which this monarch surround,
With a curbing smile on each fly muzzle,
Which no beast could wound even.

Strong and high are the iron gates
Of his walled and moated town,
Where the heads of his victims, ranged above,
From below can be seen,
And within the halls of his palace vast,
Where the feasters sit,
And often is seen, with mad'ning taste,
The brooded shadow of Wrong.

Heavy of mouth and huge of limb,
His warlike weapons by,
Lounging with thought fast and grim
Is the monarch Might,
But little they recall, these forms of rest,
Of valor in the fight.
These warriors gaze and laugh at Truth,
Of the terrible monarch Might.

His dungeon keep is of deepest gloom,
And its walls are red with stains,
Where often are heard cries of woe
And the dismal clank of chains,
And echoes come through the grated vaults
From out the storied Past,
Which will rise and fall and forward go
As long as Time shall last.

A noble knight is the opinion Right,
With bright colors that shroud
Whom honor and praise each heart must own,
And every inspire must plan.
Right as a white lily in stainless snow
Is the spirit of Right true;
Right as a rose in the bloom of June
His guidance never can.

His strength is that of a righteous cause,
And he conquers sought out ways
While the monarch Might can only crush
Where his strength is brought to bear,
While Truth may wear its crown
His shield is sure and his banner strong,
His sword is tried and true;
While his honest name and his glowing fame
Are heard the wide earth through.

Through sometimes borne in the mean down
By the tyranny of Might,
Again from the torn and trampled earth
He rises for the fight.
Though foes may thicken and blows may fall,
Right is the victor still.

The sun his banner of light spreads
To gladden the earth and sea,
And Right will rest with the Sky still
In war and in peace.
For nations may totter and kingdoms fall,
And ideal of nations blind,
Yet the cause of Right are the power of Might
With triumph in the end.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BEAUTY.

CHAPTER III.

A name had my fate decided hereof and"—Wagner.

"This is Upper Hampton," Miss," said Mr. Clarendon's polite and obsequious servant, turning into a magnificent grove, and flourishing his whip with a grand air.

"This is Upper Hampton," I repeated, looking out from the open carriage window, as we whirled along, beneath great spreading trees, through avenues of elms, the broad fields, the polished river, the massive hills, and the descending sun passed in review before me. The carriage moved briskly along, and I enjoyed a panorama, picturesque, grand, and beautiful. The graceful country seat, which was to be my home for the present, with its balconies and ornamented grounds, now arose before my astonished eyes; now swept out of sight, and the coachman proudly drew up before his master's door.

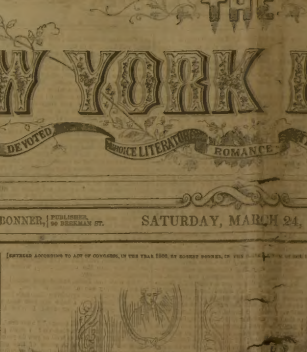
My heart palpitated. I knew not what kind of a reception awaited me. I trembling entered who had humbly consented to earn a livelihood. Grand and stately indeed was the approach to Upper Hampton; what would be the welcome awaiting me only by conjecture could I form. This I now nervously awaited.

A tall, elderly, middle-aged gentleman, who seemed to have been on the lookout for me, bounded lightly down the steps, and, bowing with a graceful and elaborate air, presented himself at the carriage door. With a profusion of bows and gracious smiles, he introduced himself as Mr. Clarendon, and offered his hand more as escing me, and handed me out. With a multitude of florid compliments, he led me up the marble steps and presented me to Mrs. Clarendon, who stood in the hall to receive me. This lady, who was fat and fair, greeted me very coolly. She even went so far as to kiss me and call me "my dear." This was my heart-sickening welcome. Pleasing all the species from the colonel, and sweet womanly attentions from Mrs. Had I only to see my fellow-menmonplaces, yes and no, sir, to get through very well indeed.

At the top of the stairs these polite people consigned me to a tidy, pleasant-looking servant woman, who, with my basket and shawl, was ready to conduct me to my room. Julius and Mrs. Clarendon begged me to make myself at home, to call for anything I wanted, and concluded their hospitable requests by hoping to see me at seven o'clock.

Lighter of heart than I had been for months, I followed up the stairs; and though only mercenaries had come to my relief in the shape of menials, my circumstances must have expressed all I felt would have said. To my surprise, I found a charming suite of rooms appropriated to my use, instead of one, as I had expected. I had a sitting-room, bed-room, and bath-room. Everything was so new and convenient, and in such perfect taste. These warm even visited glanced upon my bureau, and the perfume of Russia flower filled the room. I was enchanted.

"Oh! if this is being a governess, what a splendid profession I have chosen," was the ex-



THE RETURN.

clamation with which arose in my mind as I contemplated my beautiful surroundings. I had a good woman that dear Mrs. Clarendon is, and what a contrast to my own! Oh, how happy I must be!" I inwardly exclaimed. After in-

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laughing, "you are much more of a baby than your pupils."

"What a silly, profound teacher she will make when she gets well," said Mrs. Clarendon, shaking her head, but Frederick, scarce her sister in debt, and the colonel nearly threws her into spasms through my tears.

I began to smile through my tears.

"But, seriously, Clarendon," continued the colonel, "said Mrs. Clarendon, "you must take care of yourself." said Mr. Clarendon. "You must not worry about Nellie more than you can help. You must not be worried over your nerves are strongest. Then your self-accusing and reproaches have suffered the loss of one dear and dear to you, and that you are not the only sufferer. May God help you. Try and bear your troubles with resignation to the Divine Will. He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. Now, my dear child, you must take this medicine for me. It is only an anodyne. The servant will remain with you to-night. Now go to sleep, Nether Fred, are the colonel shall come near you to-morrow. You must be willing to me; and so far as it lies in my power, I shall endeavor to supply the place of the dear ones you have lost. Good night. Remember that our Father in Heaven knows what is best, and that He loves both the chastened."

How I loved her! How I yearned for her! I could have knelt to her. Could she have known how every gentle word of hers dropped into my heart like balm! Anguish she surely was. One of the ministering band of God. Angel mother, are you not this? Gentleness, balm, did not this redeem the injustice of man in your eyes? Mother, at the Mercy seat, was this not a crown worthy of those who love?

I slept a gentle, dreamy sleep. Angels watched over me—crowned, crowned, crowned me. The orphan was regarded by pleasant voices in the shadowy familiar of Dreamland.

CHAPTER IV.

"When once love's cruel shadow shrouds the heart,
Farewell all the blessedness of life!
The sweetest thoughts are changed to bitterness,
The best desires are turned to sin."

I awoke. The morning was blushing in the East. The clouds were piling magnificently for the coming of the chariot of the sun. They lay, in gorgeous array, upon his blazing path. Amber, and gold, carnation, and rose, purple, ruby seas in more, violet, waving into a sea of pearl; sheets of silver, quivering with fine hues of dusky gray, variegated by tints of fleecy cumulus bathed in the golden and crimson banks of purple against chasms of quivering light. Its daily miracle of beauty—the coming of the sun—faint type of that pure coming from which ours is a Creation.

The servant gently turned the blinds and darkened the room that I might sleep again. But the sweet dreams of the night were gone. So, that I could lie upon a darkened room, I drew my sad life away.

Another day was coming, to find me still at Upper Hampton. I could decide upon no action to get away. Perhaps I had better remain until I could have the opportunity to explain to Mr. Frederick Clarendon why I came. I did not think he altogether liked my coming. I had seen him look gravely upon me. I would embrace the opportunity—tell him all, and then go back to Hamilton. I pretied to myself that I should be more at ease at interview with him, if possible, than in the presence of his wife.

I dressed my self coldly in bed, and soon after Clarendon came to my room. I heard Mrs. and Frederick talking in the hall, and I knew that Mrs. Clarendon was with them.

"Come in," said Mrs. Clarendon, in answer to my knock, and seeing with dear Mrs. Clarendon. I sat in a large chair with my slippered feet resting upon a stool. I was haggard and weak. After quite a long interval, I summoned the resolution to say aloud:

"I am afraid you think I am not likely to instruct Miss Julia very much."

"No, my dear, indeed you do wear. You will be of great advantage to her, I have no doubt, when you are sufficiently recovered in health. Justice to yourself. You have, so far, made a favorable impression. In your second lesson, Mamie, we have your cousin's word for that, and, then, we can judge for ourselves. I am not lady-school word is to be doubted," the good lady replied.

"I have never taught anyone," said I, "and am afraid I may have overrated my abilities. I almost regret having been so bold as to offer my services."

"You are very timid, I know, my dear," she quietly answered.

"Indeed, I do not think I betray much timidity in daring to claim your confidence and instruct so charming and accomplished a young lady as your daughter."

"By the way, mamma," said Mr. Frederick, addressing his abruptly, "I think I left my riding gloves upon your bureau. Good morning, Miss; I am sorry to see that you are still so invalid."

I made no reply to his remark to me.

"Have they not, my son, are you for a ride?"

"Yes; Julia and I are about to be off. I shall see you ladies again. Good morning."

I saw my fate in the mirror opposite, and my cheeks of crimson. I heard the gentleman bidding the moment Mr. Frederick entered his mother said to me, "Mamie, I shall be one gone. Before that I was decidedly pale. Even Mrs. Clarendon observed my sudden change of color.

"You must not mind Frederick, my dear," she said. "He comes boiling into my room at all hours. You must not allow it to become disturbed to him. Do not know, he wishes to take French lessons of you?"

"French lessons of me? I exclaimed, now seriously alarmed.

"Indeed, my dear Mrs. Clarendon, I could never consent to that."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because I am not competent to teach him French. Upon my word, I could not undertake such a thing."

"But you can try, and let him be the judge of that."

"Oh, I know I could not teach your children French. They have been taught French without a shock. Then why should I attempt such a thing?"

"Why, Fred, says you speak French like a native."

"How does he know? How can he know? He must have been only joking—speaking ironically, perhaps."

"Very well, my dear; we must wait until you get entirely well, and then we shall see what you can do. For my part, I hardly think you would have offered to teach our daughter had you not taken competency. We wanted more a companion for Julia than a governess. Having been so unfortunate as to lose two daughters of consumption at her age, we are naturally more concerned about her baby than her child. One sees very much upon the other, I know. Our necessary air was recommended by our physician, and accordingly we reside altogether in the country, except the months of December and January, which we usually pass in town." All this she said so quietly, as she sat sewing, that I began to think I was a fixture at Upper Hampton, for as I would.

The idea of having Mr. Frederick Clarendon for a pupil! I did not know what on earth to do. At this moment I thought I would tell everything to Mrs. Clarendon and ask her advice; then, again, I thought that was a step I became hasty and more involved at every turn. I began to wish myself back in Cheshire, anywhere, out of the world.

I had been there a week at Upper Hampton, and had seen Mr. Frederick Clarendon but in the mamma's room, in the dining-room, on the balcony, and in the shrubbery, and he had not yet summoned the resolution to explain to him why I came. I had promised to be his sister's pupil. He was the heir of his father's house. I began to fear that the moment of my engagement would expire before I could even make the most common-place remark to him.

One evening we were all gathered together in Mrs. Clarendon's little sitting-room. It was as we sat work upon my failing crochet, I was, as usual, silent, while they were in animated conversation. Mr. Clarendon seemed to avoid me. He by certain manner he looked at me. I wondered what he thought of me. He sat stern and grave, and while his wife was telling her pain about the beautiful Miss Destin-court, on whom he had been a constant visitor calling.

"You have not seen her, papa, since she came on the taste; she has grown so very handsome, indeed."

"I beg leave to differ with you," said Frederick.

"Why, brother?"

"Miss Destin-court has no beauty in my eyes," he said.

"How can you say so, Fred.," said Julia.

"The little beauty she has is so spoiled by affectation and conceit as to become overlooked and not pleasing. She has been flattered until she can bear anything but flattery.

"She is passionately fond of admiration, I think," said Julia.

"Are not all ladies fond of admiration, eh, Miss Hamilton?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, no!" I answered quickly.

"There are not many exceptions," said Frederick, coldly.

"You are too severe upon the fair sex, Fred., my dear fellow," said his father.

"I only say that admiration spoils the dear creatures, and makes them vain. I am not waiting for their weak beings. Once let a woman see that she has power, and she is ready to dig her own grave. Save me from an old belle who had been an admired beauty in her youthful days. I detest a girl who is pretty without knowing it, and takes no pains to attract to the voice of the flatterer; who was never loved but by her parents, and who has a heart for whom this would be happiness enough. Such women are rare, and are to be found in cottages and graces upon me. Simplicity, goodness, and truth, are what I look for in women, and these no one is pretty; with these, a Roman nose and pimples on the face would not be beautiful."

"Very good indeed, Mr. Clarendon—remarkably instructive," said the colonel. "When I am in the market for a wife, I shall remember your description, and then go back to Cheshire."

"Ah, my dear Sally, you are well known to Bugwadden. They rendezvous under your window, and sing serenades in honor of your eyes. You are the key patroness of bargain. Whenever do you ever hear of a wedding in the colonel, pulling out an immense pocket-book.

"I do indeed," said the colonel to Frederick. Mrs. Clarendon said, "She made good matches, and could, upon occasion, scold.

"How many of the aldermen have you engaged to your dining-room since Christmas?" asked Frederick, coldly.

"I do not know, my son; perhaps it is regarded by them to show them to me. I am not aware of it.

"Well, see that she is fed within an inch of apoplexy," said the colonel, "and be sure to tell her when I am dead of it, that I completed a memoir of the next day we shall have another case, while a fellow is dying, and then I shall be one's will sink into insignificance."

"Yes," said Frederick, coldly, "there are more, I know—many, many more—who would be glad to see the old man dead and out of the table."

Mrs. Clarendon returned to her benign woman, and watching my opportunity, when I would not be observed, crept softly to her. I saw the poor creature in the distance—eating voluptuously—and she and I were standing around, as servants will do, waiting for the end of the meal. Then, as I drew near her chair, the poor woman pulled up her head and looked at me with the most insolent leer, which she said had tormented her for days.

"Mary," said Mrs. Clarendon to me—it was the first time she had ever heard her call the name—"take this key and go to my room; you will see a medicine chest on the table; bring me some bandages and a box of citrine balm from the drawer of."

I ran to do her bidding. I suppose there were more than two rooms in the house, but Mrs. Clarendon and I. Not that I could ever have to do with them, as I never left the sick bed of my mistress, and never had any one I had been accustomed to be near her.

I found the medicine chest upon the table, and the bandages and balm in the drawer. I returned to the room, and, as I entered, I heard Mrs. Clarendon say to her husband:

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"Other ladies have their cousins, and aunt, and parents, &c., but my wife has beggars for me," he said. "Do you know, Miss Hamilton, that the husband who whipped her so unmercifully was awaiting her at the end of the lane, and the enormous indolent niece which had tormented her for years, dropped of as she left the dining-room, and it was made of beneral and other ingredients known to the faculty of beggarism?"

"But is it not better?" I said, "to give to an impostor, than to run the risk of neglecting one who is really in distress?"

"Oh, I see, Julia is going to preach to me! I became acquainted with her mother in Upper Hampton, nor would I have known her but for that. Indeed, Mr. Frederick and her mother were standing just behind me.

"You are right, Mary," cried the lady, who was becoming very impatient, "I can find of me. We have been waiting for you some time. Now, Col. Clarendon, you have your regal at supper, or whatever you like. I have completed my meal. Go on, sir. I have done with you for the present."

All this was said to please and cheer me, to make me feel welcome and feel welcome and at home. God knows I was not fit to cope with any one, but the charity of this dear woman's heart was the most object with which to deal. To me her presence was absolutely glorious. I began to watch her every motion, waiting for a word or a look to become light to guide me through all sorrow and trouble. She was drawing to her by gentle and sweetly, that I began to dread the moment of her departure.

Again the good, beautiful, soul-thrilling words: "Your Father knoweth what you stand in need of." Would I have bartered it for that which I had? Would I have changed places where we were nearly the whole day.

The next day Mr. Clarendon and she intended bearing me in charge of the house, as they were going to pass a few days with friends. Julia gravely asked her governess to accompany her, but she was to be gone for evening party, and she expected to enjoy herself exceedingly. Mrs. Clarendon came to me to the door, and saw this interesting family off. She was looking to her for her duties to the family in the world—so well-bred, so pleasant and kind to her. She had seemed to throw all kind of care from her, and was devoting herself to things of nothing to do to please them on their journey. I gave her a list of articles which I had stored in my trunk, and filling the next day Mr. Clarendon and she intended bearing me in charge of the house, as they were going to pass a few days with friends. Julia gravely asked her governess to accompany her, but she was to be gone for evening party, and she expected to enjoy herself exceedingly. Mrs. Clarendon came to me to the door, and saw this interesting family off. She was looking to her for her duties to the family in the world—so well-bred, so pleasant and kind to her. She had seemed to throw all kind of care from her, and was devoting herself to things of nothing to do to please them on their journey. I gave her a list of articles which I had stored in my trunk, and filling the next day Mr. Clarendon and she intended bearing me in charge of the house, as they were going to pass a few days with friends. Julia gravely asked her governess to accompany her, but she was to be gone for evening party, and she expected to enjoy herself exceedingly. Mrs. Clarendon came to me to the door, and saw this interesting family off. She was looking to her for her duties to the family in the world—so well-bred, so pleasant and kind to her. She had seemed to throw all kind of care from her, and was devoting herself to things of nothing to do to please them on their journey. I gave her a list of articles which I had stored in my trunk, and filling

BETSEY'S JOHN AND MINE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

Betsey Williams and I were reared in the same country parish. Our mothers were neighbors and friends, rejoicing in a romantic attachment, which, commencing in girlhood, had withstood many a stormy storm, and many vexatious matrimony, with its absorbing joys and cares, and its sore trials.

Betsey and I also made a bet of being jealous at times—just, that like many socialist, got up a little excitement from a dull monotony of reality. It is not in man-nature to tolerate the slightest shade of neglect from the fair throne on which its goddess has been placed. Jealousy is lordly and noble in man; I believe it is considered mean and contemptible in woman, no matter whether true or false.

But I suppose this feeling were away after a time, when the brain merged into the wife, and love became less demonstrative. Be that as it may, however indifference prevailed, and then the friendship of the two women never waned. Community of hopes, fears, experience, may have served to cement it. The birth of infant daughters at nearly the same time made it more enthusiastic and expansive than ever. Their mother, of course, loved her own baby best, and had only a sort of pitying affection for the offspring of her friend. But these little interests were more than ever the same in kind and degree, and the mutual sympathy and mutual excitement of the "loveliest child in the world," was not easily separated, and the friendship of the simplest integrity. It was easy for Ann to pity Betsey's trials, and easy for Betsey to sympathize with Ann's. But both were happier and firmer friends for the same.

Betsey was my nearest and I came to be friends from the cradle. As long as I remember her, she was a pretty, lively, dimpled creature, and made after the same pattern.

Betsey's mother was the busiest little woman in the whole parish, and never allowed her daughter to be idle. Consequently, Betsey was from town, which was never used unless in other hours than those devoted to labor. Even our calls had the same starting idea eyes, and our conversation was as much of work as exactly alike as our eyes.

Betsey and I were the fruits of maternal power to make ourselves as much alike as our natures would allow. Our mothers were not blood but not dispositions. Betsey was silken and delicate, and I was rough and coarse. She was pouted and frowned, I howled and fought one another, and ended with kissing and being good bed left her face. Never was there a more striking contrast between two faces. I have sometimes thought that there never could have been a more beautiful child than Betsey.

But it may be that the attraction of opposites in character was proved as powerful as that of kindred alliance.

And, after all, there is a great deal in the power of habit. Much of what is called family likeness is the result of habit. We become assimilated to those with whom we associate as much alike as our natures would allow. Betsey and I were not but not dispositions. Betsey was silken and delicate, and I was rough and coarse. She was pouted and frowned, I howled and fought one another, and ended with kissing and being good bed left her face. Never was there a more striking contrast between two faces. I have sometimes thought that there never could have been a more beautiful child than Betsey.

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CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

YOUTH.

How delightful dost thou revel in the full flow of thy spirits, unchecked by misgivings or by expected perdition! To the present feeling of thy heart, unclouded to the anxious thought of future bliss, how open is youth! How full of hope! How unsuspecting of treachery! Although like the early blossom of spring, it feels the chill of the nipping frost, and the fall of the elastic muscle, full and soft, of the healthful blood, is sometimes succeeded by the pallid cheek, and fleshy pinch the ruy, dimpled cheek, and gaze in the laughing eyes, and express with enthusiasm our admiration of the generous gifts of the bounty perfection—we know not what; but we feel, and know that with the youth even in its infancy, and as it approaches to and attains maturity, how delightful is the beauty in youth in its primitive purity! Though man may not measure the power of God by his own weakness, he may, and must, love youth, beauty, and purity; and with such love is seldom to him, he must adore his indebted good Creator.

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Betsey was angry with me and all the world. Angry because John was so happy and angry because he did not go away with Dick. Angry with Dick because he was willing to go away with Dick because he was willing to go away with me because I became his dear friend and because I became his dear friend and because I became his dear friend and

stinging remark, which I repeated of almost as soon as spoken, I left her to her solitude. Going home I could not avoid telling John what had occurred, though in my love for Betsey, I gave a very softened account of it, and blamed Dick very severely.

"Dick isn't worth crying after," was John's comment. "He never knows his own mind, and is always flirting, first with one girl and then with another. If he was in a hurry to-day, I think it would be right for Betsey, but next week it would probably be some one else. But I wonder what's been enough to slight Miss Williams. Shall be sorry, very sorry, if she is to be kept single by any fault of her own, and she can't have taken that."

"Why," I answered, "Mr. Williams is very rich, and I have heard say he was making money rapidly all the time. Betsey and her little sister, also, will have it all, I suppose. But I think she would not want to be married for her money."

"Certainly not," John answered, indifferently. And I remembered that Dick was not inclined by such flattering prospects to set seriously about it. Betsey had seemed to me just as a church mouse. "Her flesh is her fortune," said John, one day, "and I'm glad a little flesh is she very handsome?" I inquired, timidly, for that very question was the one most ambitious since I had

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

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HERNANDO CORTEZ.

In the year 1502, at the small country town of Medellin, in Spain, there lived an old, distinguished gentleman, who was the lieutenant of the district, and, having had all the ordered in circumstances, and they had given their son the best education within their means. During his infancy and childhood, he had been so sickly that no one expected he would live to mature age; but as he grew older he grew stronger, and at seventeen he was a man in stature, and sufficiently robust. He was then at home, having left the service of Salamanca without permission, and was passing his time in love affairs and amusements, regardless of the remonstrances of his father and the entreaties of his mother. It was therefore, he declared his intention of joining an expedition about to sail for America, the good people of Medellin, especially those who had daughters, were not sorry to hear it, as his father had intended him for the legal profession, which the youth detested. He never attracted him except one of adventure in the New World, which had been talked of for years before.

A few days before the time appointed for the sailing of the fleet, the young man had a love affair with the wife of a rich old man, who, Spanish girls were kept almost as secluded, and guarded almost as closely as Circassian ladies in the harem of a Turk. Therefore, when a young man fell in love, it meant climbing the door-bell and sending in his card, he often made a clandestine visit, and stayed the residence of the young lady, with a view to the house, which had been deserted for many years before.

Cortez had selected the time of the husband's absence, and, as the young man had a good address, Spanish girls were kept almost as secluded, and guarded almost as closely as Circassian ladies in the harem of a Turk. Therefore, when a young man fell in love, it meant climbing the door-bell and sending in his card, he often made a clandestine visit, and stayed the residence of the young lady, with a view to the house, which had been deserted for many years before.

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THE LAURELL-LEAF.

Alas—Wreaths the Brave.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

1.

The laurel-leaf!
For one who fell
Who nobly died that we might live;
Who broke the tyrant's chain,
The cries of Pains
Fleetermans in slavery;
Who, like a noble,
Of my remain
On each grand wreath of brightness,
For they all kept,
The laurel-leaf.
Their scent is sweet withdraw.

2.

The laurel-leaf!
To gather it
'Twas not for more harp-prizing;
Their blood, that vine,
Poured on the shrine
Of country, and war blazing.
O, no! O, no!
'Twas that the glow
Of fathers gave our story,
Which still remain,
Without a stain,
And "Union" keep its glory.
The laurel-leaf, &c.

3.

What blessings now
Do we bestow
From Pole of struggling nations!
Peace, Love,
In joy and ease,
For them our heart's emotions!
Lo, all the sun
For all this living,
GRANT, Heroism, and their brethren,
Boy, as we sing
Of Freedom's new nations,
Forget their glorious emotions,
The laurel-leaf, &c.

BRITOMARTE, THE MAN-HATER.

By MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "VIVE HOMME HAIR," "SELF-MADE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE SUMMONS.

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires:
Strike! for your altars and your fires!
Strike! for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!"
They struck! when every arm was red
With the life-current it had shed
For freedom's battle once!"—HEMANS.

"Richard is your name, sir?" thundered the Captain of the Xyphias.

And the following chaces sank into silence, and the order was promptly obeyed.

"Mr. Ethel!"

The young Lieutenant came quickly at the Captain's call.

"Pass the order to fire at the enemy's mizzen-mast. Aim it as low as possible, and lower you carry it away the more unmanageable the fire-ship will become. The heavy guns of sail are carries forward will then lift her stern high out of the water and render her less obedient to her helm."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the cheerful voice of the young officer, as he touched his cap and went forward to see the order properly given.

The gunner in charge of the lee bow chaser was an old and experienced one.

The lieutenant gave him the order, went for a word, and he received it from the Captain.

"Watt try, sir," said the veteran, with a confident nodde and an, the breech of the gun, which satisfied the Lieutenant that the gunner knew his business. "The gun was ready. He sighted her, and gave the command—

"Fire!"

He heard the deafening discharge, and saw a hundred grim eyes were watching the course of the shot. He showed the result, each in impatient suspense to see the effect.

It struck close under the stern of the enemy.

"A good shot!" exclaimed the Lieutenant to the captain. "A little more elevation on your next, and you will splinter his mizzen mast."

Meantime Lieutenant Ethel raised his telescope and took sight at the chase. And it seemed that the Captain of the fire ship, finding that his false colors did not protect him, and having a bad drop as chance of escape, had concluded that he was bound, and determined to fight the battle out under his true colors. Down fluttered St. George's Cross, and up flew the Stars and Bars. And Lieut. Ethel from his stern chaser answered the iron messenger from the Xyphias.

The shot plunged into the sea close on the starboard quarter of our gallant ship, doing no other harm than copiously sprinkling the jolly tars on that side.

"A free shower bath in hot weather is a pleasant and a welcome visitor!" exclaimed a young midshipman, who had received his full share of that blessing.

But another poor fellow, a landsman recently pressed from Cape Cod, was not seen standing gazing and staring with mouth and eyes both open, received a deluge of water by one and chest, striking him with such a shock that he lost his balance and his reason at the same moment, and fell flat upon his back, rolling over and over, imagining that the last had struck him, and that the water gurgling back from his chest was his own life-blood, and bawling at the top of his voice:

"Oh Sakes! I'm dead! My head's off! My heads off! Take me down! Take me down!"

And such was the laughter from the companions on old salt caught up a pair of shell-hooks, similar to those of five-dogs, and rushing forward, brought the ends together over a piece of chain, and hooked the landsman's coat with an unmerciful squeeze.

The cold rain swept up with wonderful agility, and, amid piercing shrieks, bawled out:

"I'm sure I'm alive down here! Take me down below! Take me down below!"

Such peals of laughter followed this, that the lad opened his eyes, looked about, came to his senses and vanished in a moment.

At the Captain's command he went forward and shook off the water.

The next shot from the Sea George took off the head of the forward sail, which, spinning it round and round until it struck the deck, while the headless body came whirling down upon the very spot where but a moment before the form of the officer had stood.

But—

"The coward dies many deaths,
The brave man dies no more."

Shot after shot were exchanged between the ships with little effect; the Xyphias all the while gradually drawing nearer the fire Sea George, and the chase growing more exciting.

At length a shot from the Sea George struck the enemy's mizzen-mast, just above the mizzen-top, and down came the wreck.

Cheers upon cheers went up from the crew of the Xyphias.

Yells of defiance answered them from the decks of the enemy!

Lieutenant Ethel again levelled his glass at the chase.

The Sea George still minded her helm, as her smacker and crushed were still standing and drawing. The wreck of her mizzen-mast was promptly cleared away. And the doggedly

THE CRISIS ON THE DECK OF THE SEA GEORGE.

answered gun for gun, shot for shot, though the Xyphias was now gaining rapidly upon her, and her case was well nigh hopeless.

At last a shot from the Xyphias struck the taffrail of the enemy, close by the wheel, scattering the splinters in every direction. One struck the helmsman, driven to his very heart. In his death-agony and delirium, he clutched the spokes of the wheel with a grasp that could not be loosened; and he slowly sank windward to the deck, turning the wheel with him. The Sea Scourge, in obedience to her helm, rounded off sharply to the wind.

Seeing his ship breathing to, the Captain of the Sea Scourge ran aft, yelling:

broadside obliquely over her lee bows with distinct effect.

The rear of the cannon, the crash of falling timbers and the shrieks of the wounded were quite appalling.

Many poor fellows lost their lives and many more were maimed.

But now above all the noise and confusion, the voice of Captain Tetson rang out clearly and firmly:

"Blow the starboard guns! Clew up the courses! And as we cross the privateer's bows take good aim at her water line! And as I believe the Sea Scourge could veer round her stern, and rake her fore and aft!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" sang Rae of Sea Indeed Britomarte from the mizzen-top, and Captain Tetson ringing and tearing into the Sea Scourge and sending death and destruction on board at every broadside.

Here Judith's clear and ringing voice was heard high above all others, calling upon the crew boarding from the deck of the Xyphias.

Again these cheers were answered by [illegible]

Some time was begun to fill rapidly, as the ship quickly were round.

Then Britomarte, the ship opposite to each other.

And now commenced a murderous exchange of broadsides. Rear Admiral Rear Cross exchanged cross fire, and the two ships were so close together that the muzzles of the guns were touching the enemy's sides.

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It struck close under the stern of the enemy.

"A good shot!" exclaimed the Lieutenant to the captain. "A little more elevation on your next, and you will splinter his mizzen mast."

Meantime Lieutenant Ethel raised his telescope and took sight at the chase. And it seemed that the Captain of the fire ship, finding that his false colors did not protect him, and having a bad drop as chance of escape, had concluded that he was bound, and determined to fight the battle out under his true colors. Down fluttered St. George's Cross, and up flew the Stars and Bars. And Lieut. Ethel from his stern chaser answered the iron messenger from the Xyphias.

The shot plunged into the sea close on the starboard quarter of our gallant ship, doing no other harm than copiously sprinkling the jolly tars on that side.

"A free shower bath in hot weather is a pleasant and a welcome visitor!" exclaimed a young midshipman, who had received his full share of that blessing.

But another poor fellow, a landsman recently pressed from Cape Cod, was not seen standing gazing and staring with mouth and eyes both open, received a deluge of water by one and chest, striking him with such a shock that he lost his balance and his reason at the same moment, and fell flat upon his back, rolling over and over, imagining that the last had struck him, and that the water gurgling back from his chest was his own life-blood, and bawling at the top of his voice:

"Oh Sakes! I'm dead! My head's off! My heads off! Take me down! Take me down!"

And such was the laughter from the companions on old salt caught up a pair of shell-hooks, similar to those of five-dogs, and rushing forward, brought the ends together over a piece of chain, and hooked the landsman's coat with an unmerciful squeeze.

The cold rain swept up with wonderful agility, and, amid piercing shrieks, bawled out:

"I'm sure I'm alive down here! Take me down below! Take me down below!"

Such peals of laughter followed this, that the lad opened his eyes, looked about, came to his senses and vanished in a moment.

At the Captain's command he went forward and shook off the water.

The next shot from the Sea George took off the head of the forward sail, which, spinning it round and round until it struck the deck, while the headless body came whirling down upon the very spot where but a moment before the form of the officer had stood.

But—

"The coward dies many deaths,
The brave man dies no more."

Shot after shot were exchanged between the ships with little effect; the Xyphias all the while gradually drawing nearer the fire Sea George, and the chase growing more exciting.

At length a shot from the Sea George struck the enemy's mizzen-mast, just above the mizzen-top, and down came the wreck.

Cheers upon cheers went up from the crew of the Xyphias.

Yells of defiance answered them from the decks of the enemy!

Lieutenant Ethel again levelled his glass at the chase.

The Sea George still minded her helm, as her smacker and crushed were still standing and drawing. The wreck of her mizzen-mast was promptly cleared away. And the doggedly

"Strike! till the last armed foe expires!
Strike! for your altars and your fires!
Strike! for the green graves of your sires!
God, and your native land!"

They struck! when every arm was red
With the life-current it had shed
For freedom's battle once!"—HEMANS.

"Richard is your name, sir?" thundered the Captain of the Xyphias.

And the following chaces sank into silence, and the order was promptly obeyed.

"Mr. Ethel!"

The young Lieutenant came quickly at the Captain's call.

"Pass the order to fire at the enemy's mizzen-mast. Aim it as low as possible, and lower you carry it away the more unmanageable the fire-ship will become. The heavy guns of sail are carries forward will then lift her stern high out of the water and render her less obedient to her helm."

"Ay, ay, sir!" responded the cheerful voice of the young officer, as he touched his cap and went forward to see the order properly given.

The gunner in charge of the lee bow chaser was an old and experienced one.

The lieutenant gave him the order, went for a word, and he received it from the Captain.

"Watt try, sir," said the veteran, with a confident nodde and an, the breech of the gun, which satisfied the Lieutenant that the gunner knew his business. "The gun was ready. He sighted her, and gave the command—

"Fire!"

He heard the deafening discharge, and saw a hundred grim eyes were watching the course of the shot. He showed the result

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

over, and a thousand things to see to, and I the commander of the ship," exclaimed Captain Yonson, throwing one leg out of the bed and rising on his elbow. But he immediately fell back from faintness.

"Ah, he!" said the doctor. "Try that again, my lad, will you? Now see here, Captain, you are the commander of the ship; but I am the commander of you just at present; and I command you to keep still. And it depends upon your obedience to my commands whether you continue to command your ship, or whether you go on a visit to Mary Jones, with a pair of thirty-two pounders to your head and your heels."

Before the spoke the Captain had been contemplating his own hands, so rough and ruddy a few hours ago, so white and weak now.

"Is-so-o-o-that, Miss of the Jews?" he faintly exclaimed; "can those be my hands?"

"Yes! and hands you are due to watch well! Do they look like wielding a cutlass, or cooking a rarebit?" Drowned the heavy, rolling tramp of the tramp of the tramp of the

to have no concealments, and who, having laid up a few hundred dollars from his hard-earned wages, appeared to have no higher ambition than to add to the amount.

He was an American, and a single man, of about forty years—had some relations, he believed, in Vermont, but had heard nothing of them since he was a boy, when he had run away from a "pesky stepfather" and had gone to sea.

A man like this, who had no attachments and no home, if honest and reliable, seemed such as one as Colonel Wolford would look for his purposes.

He conversed with him frequently and with freedom, astonishing him by his friendly familiarity, but never allowing him to suspect his cause.

Satisfied at last of his honesty, he no longer hesitated. He found it easy to engage this man to enter his service for a term of years, at wages more liberal than he could elsewhere earn.

He would be sailor, or farmer, or common laborer to any employer, as would take any risk of arrest into which his employer himself might run, so far as he did not care to know where they were going, and was content to follow, as orders necessary in regard to himself, or cash, to obtain funds, were given him.

He refused to accept a considerable sum which was offered him as wages in advance, protesting that he had no mistrust of his employer, and that he had no place to keep any large sum while on board the vessel.

Colonel Wolford was greatly pleased with this man, who supplied a pressing want, and who would be a person to be depended upon in any little settlement.

A few days after they were navigating Lake Superior, having left the second sailor at St. Mary's, and wondering at the ease with which the helm supplied by a gentleman of the colonel's should supersede a sailor.

"He might better beget me," he said, regretfully; "I have not been much master of that sort of thing."

But he was not what he's paid me liberal enough, too. But wait till our ship is ours—we come—then he'll be sorry—standing thar in the wind and rain, with his gray hair. Oh, won't he, though!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

But Sam Holt proved a valuable sailor of seeming taste, and all hands of the sloop in fair weather, when on an expedition, were in occasional sail at the helm and the sails. During light and fair weather he showed much skill and self-upon the colonel; but he had strength and resolution of will.

Before, however, we speak further of the voyages of its crew, let us look back to the fortunes of Oliver Waldron, of whom we have so long left him.

Happily, he had neither been killed nor taken prisoner by the savages, at the time of their attack; but his long absence had been due to other causes. He had journeyed for many weeks in searching for the wandering Pawnee chief, and what he found to detain them, and learned from them that William Biddle was of their band, he was induced to tarry for a considerable time with them, before he gave any weighty consideration.

Chief of these was the certainty that his bereavement gain would be borne by enemies; and that as much of a misfortune as a matter of bruising and feasting, too—the "Petys" were all in the enjoyment of the spoils of pened within thirty miles of Woodville. Such a report as Mr. Fletcher had to return gratefully said; and he could hardly have refrained, if he had not, at the first, to become their guest while the rest of his band should bring their wife Turtle and Tawno as it was an object of great curiosity to the Indians) hesitate to accept their invitation. Still, he was impatient to be off, and would not, on any account, run the danger of their being friends of the White Stallion they did not; indeed, that to recover some days with the darky warriors gave of their reverences and lowly friendship. Then, when they sent several presents of beads, embroidered hide and horsehair, and beautifully-wrought striped plaid, together with an earnest request for his company for a day or two.

And in order that he might not fail to find a time, upon that occasion, they said, on the first day of the next moon, three of their warriors to meet him at the point where they were to part with Oliver's party, which, being on the border of a prairie and the edge of a wood, could be easily found by the aid of those natural landmarks.

Oliver entered the precincts of Woodville agitated by many conflicting emotions. During his long absence some fatal hope of winning Miss Biddle's love had ever remained in his heart, notwithstanding her father's warning, and notwithstanding the fact that, as he thought, he was a clerk in a store, and gentle' two hundred dollars a year; but it was now gone.

Oliver wished his step-mother good-bye, and that the latter would clean up and dress herself.

"Better come back, Will. Better come back!" were the last words he heard, as he turned away, revolving many things in his mind.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Oliver had no hesitation in deciding upon his course. He would go to Biddle's store, and ask Biddle, whom he might be able in some way to assist in their adversity; and if not, he would go to Fletcher's, and see what he could do, and the world was wide. His worldly possessions consisted of a horse, his rifle, a pair of pistols, his parel, and about fifty dollars in gold, the remainder of some money which his father had insisted on his taking with him into the wilderness, and of which he had spent but little, more than to bestow part of it, in presents, on his Indian friends.

But in what remained to him he considered that his father would be amply repaid for what he had forced the yellow coin into the hands of the Indian chiefs. Oliver, indeed, was not rich enough left to pay the way of himself and Tom to their new destination, if they should find it the public conveyances. But they had their horses, Oliver and Tom had each a rifle and a brace of pistols, and these they resolved to ride to Lakeville and there sell them at such prices which they could obtain.

Both Oliver and Tom had left a trunk containing clothing and other articles in Mr. Biddle's house, and Oliver, on entering the store, Mr. Peters consented to their taking; and he was not long in finding a favorable consideration, to transport them to Lakeville for the travellers.

Oliver parted reluctantly with the Ottawa, after presenting him with a rifle and pistols, and teaching him how to use it, and certainly a back-load of gold would be useful when the Indian half as happy as did this simple present. He promised to come to Woodville annually, when his tribe visited the Great Lake, in the hope that he should come next, or at least hear of his friend again.

The travellers sold their horses and weapons as they had contemplated at Lakeville, but at a great sacrifice; and a long, weary and expensive journey by stage and steamboat brought them to the village which had so long been the home of Colonel Biddle's family. Before reaching it Oliver had spent a part of his small means in procuring a respectable, well-fitting suit of clothes, such appear indeed as had never before crossed his face and his well-proportioned limbs—for poor as he was, he could not but feel that he did appear before Clara in the worn and bulging garments in which he had slept so many nights on the camp-fires of the Indians.

The reader knows that the fortune-inflicted youth was again to be disappointed. Colonel Biddle was dead and gone away, Reuben said, never to return.

That they had gone West—that they had been followed by officers (who hoped to get the reward) as far as Detroit, or Detroit, where all trace of them was lost—was about all that the old negro could tell.

Had they returned to Woodville?

This caused the extreme of improbability. While he pondered, in deep dejection, upon this subject, relieved only by the consoling reflection that his friend was not, as he had been taught to suppose, an inmate of the penitentiary, Tom came gleefully to him, shouting as he waved the white universe in his hand:

"Massa Oliver! a letter! From de Colonel! From de Colonel himself! I know his hand write!"

"Can it be?' Where is the postmark?' exclaimed Oliver, starting to his feet, and bidding welcome note.

"Why, Billings gave it to me, and said Mass Biddle left it for us, if we ever comed we arter that; but I forgot it."

Waldron had lit upon by the time and was reading what the great letter said:

It was written in a despondent and hopeless tone, expressing a belief that Oliver was dead, Oliver's safety, and of his ever returning to Woodville was much regarded.

It spoke of his contemplated retirement from the world, to live with his daughter, in which his friend's close to his retreat, were it but effectually concealed from the world, including his secret. Waldron shipped, probably would be in Detroit that night [the letter had been written two days before], and he was sure that nothing should prevent his coming to the cabin to the danger which he had so recently escaped.

Oliver's countenance became radiant as Waldron again to inspect his life in the wilderness, when there were so many friends to his advancement to gratified life. The letter was a request that he would not call on Mr. Billings on any account, as the latter gentleman would object to him; but it contained the address of Fletcher. Was Oliver aware of it?

Oliver and Tom were distressed them before, turned his letter many times over, and sorrowfully read it again, hoping that the paper would believe the painful truth.

Oliver, at last, did so. He was too pale. Harry Weston was to be one of the inmates of the cabin with his daughter, and Clara was to be—and Harry and Clara were to be married, as soon as the latter could be found. The subject only out of kindness.

"Why! I'm glad you're better for, Mister Oliver?" asked Tom, who had been waiting, standing his feet from one to the other, and his countenance would explain to him. Was Oliver aware of it?

He then returned to the note, told the merry the substance of it, and sat vacantly staring into the distance.

"Well," said Tom, after a long pause, "what you gwine to do, Mister Oliver?"

"Oh, yes—I forgot!" said Oliver, starting to his feet. "Here, Tom, take these five hundred dollars and go to a furniture and sell you anything about town. Then go to the other property which belongs to Mr. Biddle, and get an agent, to pay, the commission, and bring the money to me. Then go to the first livery-stable you come to, and buy a horse and saddle and bridle, and bring them to the cabin. Then you may go to the devil, for all I care, for I'm done with you. Be off, you rascal, before I kick you!"

Oliver was surprised, and could be wrong in the matter, but he was sure that Tom had scruples about accepting so much money, and whipped him, as he spoke, with a switch he carried. But to Indian it would be to do so, and Tom, who was not a fool, and had a benefactor would probably never return. Tom was much away," he said, as he left the room, and he did not doubt.

Oliver resumed the office. He rented a month and more ex cpense, with working occupants, and Oliver was glad to get rid of it. In a very few ch. Mr. Billings's messenger returned with the money, and Oliver, with a sigh of relief, was left alone.

Oliver was surprised, on looking at his watch, to find that it was but two hours since he had left the cabin. He had supposed that he had been absent for a much longer time.

He had been absent for a much longer time. He had been absent for a much longer time.

"Tom," he said, "must have been a long time on the road."

"Why, Mister Oliver, you've been a-sleepin' dis two hours and more!" said the darky, who had entered. But he feelin' it would be to wrong to wake you, so I just sot down and waited."

"Well," said Tom, after a long pause, "what you gwine to do, Mister Oliver?"

"Oh, yes—I forgot!" said Oliver, starting to his feet. "Here, Tom, take these five hundred dollars and go to a furniture and sell you anything about town. Then go to the other property which belongs to Mr. Biddle, and get an agent, to pay

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

LIFE.

Life, life, life! the merry robin sings,
And the quick, excellent notes leap along the woods;
Happy, happy, happy! with an upward rush of wings,
In the far blue ether losing the refrain.

Life, life, life! the air is musical
With a sound of tiny wings, as insects dreamy hum;
In their cozy summer day they hold high carnival,
No sadness in the chirping, no sighs among these hum.

Life, life, life! the streamlet laughs along,
Growing sunny meadows in its onward flow;
The tall grasses, bending, toss their tassels in song,
Sing in with caresses, and bowing, let it go.

Life, life, life! O, sadness grand and wide,
Whose tiresome melody the silent spheres tolerate,
Rolling on and onward, an ever-deepening tide,
Circling from the throne of God through the universe!

Life, life, life! What hast thou to say
Out in sky and wonder, in deeper human heart?
Learn the bird its singing, the tree its summer day,
In the distance infinite take a nobler part.

Life, life, life! O, deep, and grand, and long,
Vision up before me! Morning, noon, and even,
For our counsel ine it waiting a new song,
Where eternal ages fill the footing years of time.

Life, life, life! a destiny is sure
Freighted with such blessings as only God can give;
Shall our joy be less than that of birds and flowers?
Must the notion touch sad, what is in us live?

C. S.

UNCLE HIRAM'S WILL.

AN AUTHENTIC GHOST STORY.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

The scenes I am about to describe occurred about the year 1840 in a respectable hamlet of the name of Culverton, in Orange county, N. Y.

The Culvertons had lived in the old family mansion and enjoyed the revenues of the family estate for many years, without the slightest doubt that they had a legal right to it, when suddenly there arrived from the province of Canada, where, an individual who laid claim to the property, and seemed likely to prove his claim to all but the Culvertons themselves.

It was certain Jabez Hardy was the nearest relative, and certain that even Mrs. Culverton was only a grand niece of Hiram Hardy, deceased; but the Culvertons had lived with the old man for years, and he had come to them and again, to leave them everything. He had even declared that his will was made in their favor; and that such a document was actually in existence, Mr. Culverton could not doubt; but diligent search had been made in vain, and Jabez Hardy, whom the old man never saw, was to take the place of people he loved fondly, and who had been the comfort of his last days.

"It was a shame!" said every one.

"A great, wicked thing!" echoed Mrs. Culverton.

And Mr. Culverton, who had never expected a reverse, was quite crushed as the pending law suit progressed.

A thousand times a day he said:

"How providential it would be if Uncle Hiram's will would turn up at this moment."

And Mrs. Culverton always answered:

"I wonder he can rest, poor man, with such injustice done on."

But no matter what they said, or how they managed, no will was ever found, and everybody rubbed his hands in triumph.

It was strange what small matters were in question—dime, one so-called—successfully was, should crowd all anything else; but dream she did, night after night, or an entirely opposite subject.

Inevitably, for a week at least, she had an insane fascination for the spot. She would stand in the basement window, full of wonderment at the queer windows, and face to face with it, all small stature, with its white face, broad features, and singular blue eyes, with sport and shrewd, who entered the situation at once. At first she did not like the girl, but in every dream she found her more winning. After a few moments' conversation, and invariably, it had begun to melt when the girl looked full at her and said:

"I'd like to live with you, Mrs. Culverton."

It was always the same office—always the same girl—always the same words were uttered, and always the same emotions were felt; there must be something in the dream.

"Though it can't come to that," said she, "for while Josiana remains here, I shall never have another maid."

And just as she said this, there was a scream in the kitchen, and the little servant girl ran in, frightened out of her senses, to tell how Josiana, lifting the wash-boiler, had fallen down in it and scalded herself.

Mrs. Culverton followed the young girl into the kitchen, and found Josiana in a wretched condition, and the doctor was sent for, she was put to bed and declared useless in her domestic capacity for at least a month to come. A temporary substitute must be had, and Mrs. Culverton that very afternoon went to New York to find one at an Intelligence Office.

Strange to say, in the hustle she had quite forgotten her dream, until she suddenly stood face to face with the very girl she had seen in it. A small, young woman, with very singular blue eyes, in a neat and whose features were betrayed Scottish origin. She had risen—this girl—from a cook in the office, and was waiting her, twisting her apron strings and curtseying.

"I'd like to hire with you, ma'am," she said. The very words of the dream also. Mrs. Culverton started, and in her confusion she could only say:

"Why?"

The girl blushed.

"I don't know," she said; "only it seems to me I'd like to live with you."

It needed a faint effort to Mrs. C.; but she put the usual questions and received the most satisfactory answers, and hired the stranger.

"But I can't employ you without a reference," said Mrs. C., still wondering that Fate had decreed that this girl should take a place in her household.

"If you can't, I must not with it," said the girl. "Every day I see a little child in white playing about her house—and she's dead and buried—was no such child there, though there had been once, and he was dead. Mamma said I pretended to see it for the sake of impertinence, and discharged me; but I knew I saw something, and thought I had seen a ghost. I went to a doctor, and he called it an optical delusion, and said it would pass away; and, sure enough, I've never seen it since I left the house."

It was a queer story; but Mrs. Culverton believed it, and, before she left the house, had hired Jessy to fill Josiana's place for the space of one month from that day. That evening she came and went to work with a will.

Eleanor time passed comfortably and tea time came. The Culvertons never sat anything but a hasty or early supper at this meal, and cups were handed about in the sitting-room. Jessy came in at the appointed hour with her tray, served every one, and then stood, smiling, before Mrs. Culverton.

"Please'm let me have you," she said. "The old gentleman hasn't been helped. Yes, sir, in a minute."

"The old—gentleman!" cried Mrs. Culverton.

"Yes'm—behind you in the corner, please."

There's no gentleman, young or old, there," said the lady. "I can't imagine what you took for one."

The girl made no answer, but turned quite white and left the room. Mrs. Culverton followed her, and, in the hall, received an explanation, but by-and by the girl declared that she saw an old gentleman sitting in an arm-chair in the corner, who beckoned to her, as she fancied, in a hurry for his tea.

"What did he look like?" asked Mrs. C.

"He was thin and tall," said the girl. "His hair was white and very long, and I noticed that one of his knees looked stiff, and that he had a thick, gold-headed cane beside him."

"Uncle Hiram!" cried Mrs. Culverton. "Poor my word you've described my great grandfather, who has been dead for twenty years!"

Jessy began to cry.

"I shall never keep a place," she said, "You'll turn me away now."

But Mrs. Culverton only laughed.

"See as many ghosts as you please," she said, "so long as you don't bring them before my eyes," and went back to her tea, without saying a word to any of the family on the subject, although she was extremely surprised.

Surely if the girl had never seen her uncle Hiram—and it was most likely, considering that he had been dead nearly her whole life-time—she could not have described him so accurately; and if, indeed, it were Uncle Hiram's fairy friends, the Culvertons, who had left him a little superstition hidden in her soul, and she had never served a gentleman since her nurse died—ah!

The next morning she went into the kitchen, and, shutting the door, said to Jessy:

"My good girl, I do not believe in ghosts, so we quite frank with me. I do not believe, I say, that you saw your great grandfather's ghost; but you say you saw actual spirits, and you must tell me what you saw."

"Yes'm I will and smiles," said the girl. "Our folks were Highlanders, and my father told me the second sight for ten good years before he died."

"If you please, to tell me what gentleman you told me of again," said Mrs. Culverton, "be sure and tell me. He keep the story from the young girl, but, in the afternoon, she called her aside, and, in a few words, told her the whole story.

Jessy listened, and then said, in a low voice:

"I'll tell you what you do, ma'am," said the girl; "father told me the second night